

SUNDAY MORNING.

WICHITA, KANSAS: JUNE 14, 1903.

SUNDAY MORNING.

JOE BRISTOW,  
BOY AND MANRalph Faxon Writes Sketch  
of Kansas' Pride

WAS BORN IN KENTUCKY

First Political Job Was Clerk  
of District Court

Written for The Sunday Eagle.

Occasionally there appears in high public position a man whose standard of morals is so high that he either willfully or inadvertently suffers the loss of the methods to obtain them. This is the case with Joe Bristow. This shortcoming may not be criminal, but usually is. Occasionally there also appears a man in a similar position whose character is what is usually termed "Puritan," meaning whose official uprightness and rigid official manner strikes terror in the hearts of all who come in contact with him, whose indefatigable zeal amounts to frenzy, and whose moral makeup nearly approaches that of those who burned witches at the stake in old New England days.

Of neither of these two classes, happily, is one high public official whose name now appears many times per day in the public prints. And yet Joseph L. Bristow, the fourth assistant postmaster general, comes as near the latter class as it is good for any man to do. He is a zealot, but he is a good natured one; he is rigid, tense, and precise—but he has an appreciation of humor, and is even kindly during office hours.

The work of this man—in Kansas he is just "Joe" Bristow—is filled with results, always. He never in his life set out to do a thing that he did not conclude just about as he had intended in the beginning, and with credit to himself. The secret of his success has been his rigidity of principle and action; and his absolute honesty and extreme scrupulousness; his indomitable capacity for work. For Bristow would rather work than eat or sleep. He has perhaps been more bitterly censured and assailed by newspapers and statemen than any other man outside of the president. This has only stimulated him to greater energy and the successful performance of greater tasks. His tenure in office, more than six years, has been a most stormy one, and various gentlemen accredited with "pulls" have camped day and night on this Kansas trail, to no avail. The press of the country has had Bristow removed, as some think in a given period than it has thus honored any other official. And still Bristow sticks. Most of all, and what is more to the point, the president seems to think he will continue to stick.

Joseph L. Bristow is a native of Kentucky. In Kansas, that was never laid against him. For his parents had the excellent judgment to bring him to the Sunflower state at a young age and tender age. His early life was like that of any other boy of a large family, the head of the family not being in exactly affluent circumstances. After public schools, the young man some way or other got through Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas, a Methodist institution which has turned out many bright men. Among its alumni, besides Bristow, are: The Rev. Dr. W. A. Quayle, now of Indianapolis, formerly of Kansas City, a pulpit orator and writer or renown; Representative Philip Pitt Campbell of the Third Kansas district; Henry J. Allen of Ottawa, editor, politician, wit and orator, who is now contending for a congressional nomination in the Second Kansas district.

Bristow got into politics at an early age. He was elected clerk of the district court in Douglas county, Kansas, in the eighties. He served two terms, and then went to Salina, where he bought a small paper, which he turned into a daily. In 1884 Kansas Republicans set about to rid the state of Populism, and inaugurated early in the year an aggressive preliminary campaign. Bristow contended with Wm. A. Calderhead of Marysville for the congressional nomination in the Fifth district. He lost it by one vote, which is interesting. One vote in a precinct of the city of Concordia gave Calderhead the precinct, which gave him the ward, which gave him the city, which gave him Cloud county, which nominated him. It was hard luck, but Bristow only smiled.

This contest excited attention to the young editor, and later, when Cyrus Leland was made chairman of the Republican state central committee, and needed a first class secretary, J. L. Bristow of Salina was chosen. All through that campaign, with a never-fading zeal, and bearing the hardships incident to the position he filled, Bristow worked for his party at Topeka. When it was all over, and Major E. N. Morrill of Hiawatha, former representative in congress from the First district, was elected governor, he made the secretary of the state committee his secretary.

The writer hereof was a young reporter and correspondent at the state house at Topeka in these early days of 1885 when Morrill was governor and Bristow was secretary to the governor. He has not seen since such energy and application as Bristow gave to the work before him. It was amazing in the extreme. And when the memorable campaign of 1896 came on, with the presidential race, and with Morrill a candidate for re-election, with Populists and Democrats exultant and united in Kansas, Bristow divided his duties and became again secretary of the state committee. All through that long siege and nowhere was the campaign more bitterly fought out than in Kansas—he was the energy and force that directed and pushed it forward.

In 1897, Cyrus Leland, who had been national committeeman from Kansas since 1884, and who was a member of the executive committee and close to President McKinley and Chairman Hanna, went to Washington. The state generally did not know just what he was up to, but one day came back to the state the information that the president had nominated Joseph L. Bristow of Kansas to be fourth assistant postmaster general.

In Washington this caused some amazement. The bureau of the fourth assistant postmaster general was a most important one. It was the appointment, the inspection, and, in a measure, the executive branch of the postoffice department.

What manner of man was this brought out from the West to be placed in charge of it? In Kansas, even where Bristow had become quite well known, and where the importance of the bureau was not properly estimated, it was wondered whether Bristow would be "big" enough to fill the place.

Bristow went to Washington. He took hold of his monstrous job as though he were at his newspaper desk, or the desk of the secretary to the governor of Kansas. He applied himself to his task, and he set about it to know a little more about what was going on in the department than anyone else—and he soon did. He mastered details and inaugurated reforms. He became a rigid taskmaster and disciplinarian, but for the public's good. He re-organized the bureau, but more especially the inspection division. His trained corps of young men was soon ferreting out all manner of wrongdoings, small though they were. His appointment division handled the enormous work of appointing and commissioning thousands of new postmasters all over the country, with consummate skill and incredible facility. He came in touch with the president, and the then postmaster general, Charles Emory Smith, and possessed their confidences to the highest degree.

But it was not until 1899 that Bristow's opportunity really came. The Cuban postal scandals began to be a source of embarrassment, and the administration decided to air them. The president and the postmaster general picked on Bristow for the job. He went to Cuba, and for three months, night and day, overturned everything, sifting here, sifting there, until he had performed the task given him. His succinct and clear report afterward was one of the finest bits of official work which has been given publicly in many years. His suggestions were acted upon. His advice was taken. The evils were righted. Cuban postal service was placed on a clean and business-like basis. The execrations of Neely and Rathbone and their friends and political backers ever since 1899 are a standing monument to Bristow's meritorious labors.

In 1902 the "get-rich-quick" scheme began to be talked about. Bristow had already had his inspectors at work on these and the shakings-up that followed so extensively were another tribute to him. Early in 1902 there began to be rumors of scandals in the department at Washington. Bristow talked with the president about them, and desired carte blanche in his investigations. The president knew Bristow, and believed in him. He gave him abundant authority, and the rest is known. Every removal, every resignation, every forced spot is due to Bristow's work, and the highest praise has recently publicly been given him by the postmaster general and the president. But he is not yet through, nor will he be until his untiring energy, his zealous honesty, and his indefatigable work shall have brought about the last of the evil-doing.

Bristow personally is curious. He is tall, lank, stooped. You know he is fearless by the cut of his jaw. You know he is honest by the clear directness of his eye. You know he is tireless by the build of man he is, and his appearance. It is sometimes imagined that he is austere and cold, but in truth he is genial, sociable, pleasant and of happy disposition. You would think him veritably a Puritan, but when you know him you find some traces of the Puritan's antithesis—the Cavalier. Above all he is honest, brave, manly and upright. He is Theodore Roosevelt's idea of what a man in a public office should be. Nothing higher in praise of him could be said than that.

R. H. FAXON.

## NOTES OF PERSONAGES

A valuable collection of letters and manuscripts relating to John Hancock has been presented to the Boston Public Library. With the collection is a curious moment of the famous signer of the Declaration of Independence—a look of his hair, wrapped in a funeral program. Governor Arnold of Rhode Island, has put himself on record as a believer in woman suffrage. In a recent address before the Rhode Island Woman Suffrage Association, he said: "I think woman suffrage will be adopted in Rhode Island and in other New England states. It has been tried in other states, and has worked well, and sooner or later it will prevail throughout the union."

In his recent lecture on Zola, M. Faguet, of the Academie Française, says: "Zola began to write too soon. Every man who writes before he is thirty, and who does not devote the golden age of his life to reading, observing, and thinking, without writing a line, runs the risk of having no brain and of being but a journeyman author. There are some exceptions, but they are rare."

J. P. Townshend, of the course of his reminiscences in the Atlantic Monthly, tells this story of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Longfellow: "One afternoon, in the years of which I am writing, I chanced to call upon Mr. Longfellow just after he had received a visit from Dr. Holmes. 'What a delightful man he is!' said he. 'But he has left me, as he generally does, with a headache.' When I inquired the cause, he replied: 'The movement of his mind is so much more rapid than mine that I often find it difficult to follow him, and if I keep up the strain for a length of time a headache is the penalty.'"

Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, does not appreciate the notoriety given him by reports that he has purchased a large game preserve in New Hampshire. "The stories," he said, "have caused me a great deal of annoyance. I have been flooded with letters from all parts of the country from men who want to lay out this so-called mammoth estate. I have bought a farm of five hundred acres near Beecher's Falls, a few miles from the Canadian border. But it does not need laying out. Nature has attended to that. It is a beautiful, quiet spot, with pure water and bracing air. Visits there have benefited Mrs. Spooner and that is why I bought it."

## BUYING LEGISLATION.

Unhappily the reputable lawyers who go before legislative committees on legitimate business are jostled going and coming by men of a very different class. The old State house that perpetuates the name of Sam Adams and the fame of Architect Bulfinch is far enough from being the only one haunted by the sleek person with the important air, the persuasive whisper, and the receptive palm. His conference game is successful a great deal often than it should be in a newspaper-reading world; and an equally judicious, more moral disposal of the money would be to give it to the first passer in the street or throw it into the river—Hartford Courant.

SURE VINDICATION  
OF TWO KANSANSEx-Native Tells of Victor  
and Dave

AT WICHITA LONG AGO

Truth And Fiction Woven Into  
Story by a Writer

BY AN EX-KANSAN.

When Murdock goes to Congress, With the hair upon his head A rosette shock of morning, A radiant rose of red; And Leahy in his retinue, With flowing locks of jetty hue, He thinks there'll be sensations To palpitate the nation On Pennsylvania avenue; When Murdock goes to Congress (Though Victor does wear socks) He'll spread the fame of Kansas With his auroral locks.

This is a true tale of the Vindication of Victor, surnamed Murdock, the Red-headed of the nation of Kansas, south of the cantankerous Kaw; and a veracious narrative of the redemption of Dynamite Dave, a good Indian of the Wichita tribe.

Victor Murdock is congressman-elect, since the other day, from the great Seventh District of Kansas, succeeding Chester I. Long, elevated to the United States Senate; also succeeding, after a few gaps and many gaps, politically, the Populist Jerry Simpson, by the name Victor yelped "Sookless Simpson" in the days of yore. David D. Leahy has been made private secretary to Congressman Murdock. The middle D in the secretary's name was a vetted mystery when Leahy went to Kansas from somewhere else about twenty years ago, and perhaps that is why his friends called him "Dynamite Dave."

In the spring of 1887 the boom was on in Wichita. Only those who dwell there and survived those strenuous nights and strident days can appreciate what that means. Col. M. M. Murdock, "Marsh" Murdock, dean of Kansas journalism, had started the boom. His "Eagle" shrilled it into being with continuous cries of praise for "The Peerless Princess of the Plains," "Winning Wichita," et cetera. The city was packed with real estate speculators, and stores were turned into real estate offices. The stalwart in engineer's dress, this giant, the city limits sold at St. Louis downtown figures.

One afternoon in May of that year there appeared on the streets of Wichita a figure that created more interest than real estate figures. It was a man, a stalwart, erect, strident man, the sort of man that crosses Rubicon without waiting for the pontoon engineer. This giant walked down Douglas avenue with a train of boys in his wake.

"Hi! See the Injun!" they yelled. The stalwart strode on, and climbed the steps of a newspaper office on Main street. He strode into the sanctum, where the city editor of the Wichita Daily Journal, then a cub so fresh that he had to be salted twice a week to keep from spoiling, ruled the ranch. That cub city editor was the overland mail, and gave me a fierce glance that froze my marrow. Instinctively I wondered what I had published that reflected upon him, and how many bullets he would fire into my frame from that formidable brace of repeaters in his belt.

"How would you like to have a story for your paper?" inquired the stalwart, in a voice as gentle as a woman's.

HOW THE LONG HAIR KEPT HIS WORD

I crawled out from under my desk and humbly admitted that stories were in my line. The stalwart sat down and thrust his legs under a table. In ten minutes he had reeled off a startling news story in a cursive hand that was like copperplate, the handsomest handwriting I ever saw before or since. While he wrote I had been wondering if the handwriting of a man with long black hair, who looked so much like an Indian that three-score boys had followed up the street, could be read by anybody.

"My name is Dave Leahy," said the stalwart. "And I'm from Caldwell, Kan., on the Oklahoma border. I'm a newspaper man."

Just then the foreman of the army of boys strode into the room. He was a bright-looking chap, with a particularly bright looking head, for he wore auburn locks. He was easily the leader of the mob.

"Say, mister," he yelled, "why didn't you go down to the Eagle office first?" "Don't worry, son," said the stalwart, patronizingly. "I'll be down there later."

And he was. Later he went down there as night editor and allround writer and confidential adviser, and the boy of it who had followed him up the street was his managing editor—Victor Murdock, now congressman.

Sixteen years have swept by since that forgotten episode. Dave Leahy has cut his long locks and otherwise calmed down. He was entitled to long hair and fierceness of aspect when he came up from Caldwell, for had he not been running a paper there in advocacy of the opening of Oklahoma—he was he not a boomer of the boomers?

It is truly a vindication of the poetic verities that Dave Leahy has been made private secretary to Congressman Murdock. Any other appointment would have been cataclysmic to the eternal fitness of things. Victor Murdock knows this well, for he is a discernor, a seer. There is perhaps no man in Kansas more deeply versed in poetry, art, literature and lore of life in general than young Murdock.

Victor traveled while the statesman was campaigning for governor in Ohio, said that in his opinion the young newspaper man was the brightest man in Kansas. But that is anticipating.

When Victor was 15 he began setting type on his father's paper and a few days later originated a strike among the printers. Col. Murdock criticised his son's course in severe terms to his face and the boy replied:

A STARTLING FACT  
TOLD HIS FATHER  
"Father, you think you are a big man today, but the time is coming when you will be known chiefly as Victor Murdock's father."

Two years later, when he was 17 years of age, and was earning \$3 a week as a writer for the Eagle, he married Miss Pearl Allen, a pretty schoolgirl of Wichita, who was only 15. The elder Murdock criticised him some more.

"You can't support a wife," he said. "I've got one, though," replied Victor, "and I'm going to support her. Give me a raise in salary. I want \$15 a week."

Col. Murdock refused the raise. The young Benedict took his bride to Chicago, where he worked as a reporter. He had charge of city politics for the Inter-Ocean by the time he was 20, and it was the next year that he accompanied Maj. McKinley on the Ohio campaign and caused the candidate to alter his speech to suit the Kansan's ideas of tact.

Col. Murdock relented then, and since 1884 Victor Murdock has been managing editor of the Eagle. The rest of this story is sent in by a Wichita correspondent, in whose fine Erin hand I recognize the copper plate of my old friend Leahy, he of the long hair and Pied Piper retinue in boom days.

"Victor Murdock broke all political records in Kansas in his race for congress in the Seventh district on May 26, and broke a world's record for the nomination in defeating eighteen candidates on the first ballot on April 2—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

## INDIANA'S ELM PEELERS.

The term "elm peeler" according to the old masters of the Hoosier language, signifies a shur. Up Peru way it stands for money and lots of it. If you don't believe it, ask A. L. Hiller, the "elm peeler" of Peru. He knows.

The "elm peeler" is the benefactor of mankind. He is the Hoosier medicine man, and is not to be spoken of disparagingly. Perhaps that testimonial you recently wrote for a Chicago patent medicine contained Hiller's "peel." Of course, you "were cured by the second bottle and could not keep house without it." Hiller may have produced the strongest curative element in the bottle. So hats off to the "elm peeler."

Twenty years ago Hiller began peeling elm trees in the forests surrounding Peru. His sale of the medicine-freighted "peel" was light at first, but gradually chemists began to realize that elm peel was curative, and Hiller's business increased with the years. Now he cannot get it fast enough.

Most of Hiller's product of the forest goes to Chicago medicine manufacturing company and he gets nine and one-half cents a pound for his product. Recently, 7,200 pounds of elm peel, receiving 148¢ for the shipment. It required fifteen days to gather the lot.

The season for peeling elm trees is from April 30 to June 1. Hiller and his "elm peelers" go to the woods and camp during the peeling season. Frequently they work from fifteen to eighteen hours a day—in other words, they "make peel" while the sun shines. The peel has to be gathered while the sap is going up. The trees must be ten or more inches in diameter before they are felled and peeled. The elms are sawed near the bottom and then rolled to a pot convenient for peeling. The rough outside covering is removed and then a large knife is used to dissect the "slippery" part of the elm. There the peeler has to be every minute on his toes.

The boy who doesn't know when the "slippery" elm season is on is a juvenile dyspeptic. After the tree has been peeled the logs are abandoned and are later cut into stove wood. Elm Peeler Hiller insists that unless the planting of elms is made an extensive industry to farmers that in a few years the elm will be extinct, and it is necessary to have them for the medicine they contain. Hiller has just felled 200 trees in the Armstrong grove near this city.—Indianapolis News.

PRACTICAL JOKES AT WEDDINGS

Why bridal couples should appeal so peculiarly to the practical joker's sense of humor is one of the mysteries which baffles explanation, but it is a fact that weddings are becoming more and more the arena in which the practical humorist loves to exercise his arts, and it is to be feared there is often more cruelty than humor in his joking.

The son of a Pittsburgh millionaire had won a rather unenviable notoriety by jests on this kind, and when a few months ago, his turn came to lead a bride to the altar, his victims decided to pay on old scores with interest. And this is how they did it: When he and his bride were being driven to the station after the ceremony they were seized and placed in a large wire cage, which was drawn on a wagon through the principal streets for the entertainment of thousands of spectators, who had been attracted by the announcement of a circus procession with a "caged mad bridal couple."

What the sensations of the bridegroom were is not revealed, but it is probable that his own days of practical joking came to an end in the cage.

A small Hungarian village was last month the scene of a romantic episode which recalls the days of Gretchen Green and runaway matches. It was the wedding day of the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, who had been compelled by her father to give her hand to a rich suitor, and to discard her own handsome but penniless love, Petrovic.

At the appointed hour a carriage arrived at the bride's house to take her to the church. She entered the carriage and the bridegroom was about to follow, when the driver, who was masked, revealed himself, whipped up his horse and drove off. He was Petrovic, the rejected lover. Not a trace of the run-away couple has been found, although the carriage was returned and the wedding feast was consumed by the guests of the disconsolate bridegroom.

A practical joke, designed by his friends for the benefit of Carter Prentiss, son of a millionaire, came to an ignominious conclusion. The humorists had arranged that a carriage should be filled with confetti, rice, oil slippers, and white ribbons, and should follow the young couple to their hotel, where they were to be inundated by these emblems of matrimonial bliss during their bridal feast.

The bridegroom, however, who had been

## \$500,000 IN PRIZES OF \$5.00 EACH TO BE GIVEN TO THE

SCHOOL CHILDREN OF AMERICA

School Children's Competitive Advertising Contest No. 740.



Little Bo Peep  
Has lost her sheep  
And is crying, O dear me  
Leave them alone  
And they'll come home  
With a package of

This sketch was made by Mary Hayes, age 12, Catholic school, Wichita, Kan. We give a cash prize of \$5.00 for any drawing of this character which we accept and use. All school children can compete. Full instructions will be found on inside of each package of Egg-O-See telling what to do to get the prize and how to make the drawings. These prize sketches will be published in the Eagle on Wednesdays and Sundays.



The pure flaked food, manufactured with every possible sanitary safeguard. Selected wheat, filtered water, absolutely pure flavoring. Costs no more than the ordinary kind, and when you get it you are sure of purity. Tasteful, digestive and healthful.

Note—The price of Egg-O-See is 10 cents for a full size package, such as is usually sold for 15 cents. The largest food mill in the world, with the most approved labor-saving machinery, enables us to make the best flaked wheat food at this lower price.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THE GREEN PACKAGE.

If your grocer does not keep it, send us his name and 10 cents, and we will send you a package, prepaid.

Address all communications to Battle Creek Breakfast Food Co., Quincy, Ill.

forewarned of this little conspiracy, took the precaution to hire half a dozen stout men, who stopped the carriage, dragged out its surprised occupants, and gave them a sound thrashing, by way of illustrating one of the risks of practical joking.

## A WAR TIME APOLOGY.

The story of the old Brick Church in Fairfield county, S. C., where, in 1811, the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Synod of the Carolinas was organized, has found its way into Northern papers. The object of this paragraph is mainly to set forth the fact indicated in the first sentence and to refer to the lesson of the legend on the door-facing. This inscription, as those familiar with the old church know, runs about as follows:

"Citizens of this Community: Please excuse us for defacing your house of worship so much. It was absolutely necessary to effect a crashing over the creek, as the Rebs destroyed the bridge."

This legend was signed simply "A Yankee." The occasion for it was found in

the fact that pews, flooring, and sleepers had been brought into requisition to construct a bridge by which the Federal troops might be enabled to cross Little River the Confederates as stated, having destroyed what is known as Kincaid's Bridge. The legend and the delicate feeling which prompted its inscription have in them a lesson of particular and appropriate interest these days since they reveal as the New York Times puts it, "the existence, even in the worst of the other days, of feelings that led naturally to reconciliation."—Gleanings (N. C.) Gazette.

## ARAB IN NATAL.

There is trouble in South Africa regarding the colored labor problem. The Hindu traders (called "Arabs") year by year become a more important element in commercial affairs in Natal. That they are keen competitors and possess many qualifications for commerce cannot be denied. They live frugally, and can save money where a Jew would starve. Thus it is that many of them are becoming

wealthy men, possessing a great deal of property, and in some cases even driving their own traps, sometimes even with a white coachman. A pet scheme of theirs appears to be to pay until full legal process, even to the point of setting their effects and selling them by auction, has been resorted to. Then they pack, and return next day to the merchant to begin a new account.—South African Reporter.

## MANY WILL BE PRESENT.

Pilgrims' Dinner at London to Be Big Affair.

London, June 11.—Quite a number of interesting persons have expressed an intention of being present at the annual banquet of the Pilgrims' Club, to be held June 18, among the number being George Wyndham, secretary of the state of Ireland, the speaker of the house of commons, Sir George White, defender of Ladyship's Lord Fraser, Sir A. C. Dugan, Anthony Hope, Winston Churchill, and last, but not least, Sir Alfred Austin.

## Auction! Auction! Auction!

Goods At Your Own Price  
Opens Monday, June 22nd

At Singer & Donnell's Ware Rooms  
338 South Emporia Avenue

Sale begins Monday morning at 10 o'clock. We are going to start an

## Auction Sale of Furniture, Etc.

This means much for you, as every piece of Furniture, Carpet, Rug, Lace Curtain, Stove and every article that goes to furnish your home will be sold under the auction hammer, which means going, going, gone at your own price. Come to this auction sale, you may find just the piece of furniture you want.

## LIST TO BE SOLD MONDAY

- |                              |                                    |
|------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| One lot of Sideboards        | One lot of Dining Chairs           |
| Two lots of Extension Tables | One lot of Couches                 |
| One lot of Center Tables     | One lot of Linoleum, 6 and 12 feet |
| One lot of Iron Beds         | One lot of Carpets                 |
| One lot of Bed Springs       | One lot of Chiffoniers             |
| One lot of Mattresses        | One lot of Commodes                |
| One lot of Woven Wire Cots   | A lot of Fine Lamps                |
| One lot of Rockers           | One lot of Folding Beds            |

COME MONDAY MORNING AT 10 O'CLOCK

Singer & Donnell  
At Ware Rooms 338 South Emporia